THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

If a man does not pay his taxes in Switzerland the law forbids him to enter a saloon. Here is a chance for a budding legislator.

It has been quite a while now since anybody came back from the Klondike with millions, and those who were doing so every few days last fall seem to have either gone back or been awakened out of their dreams.

The increased longevity of the average civilized man of the present in comparison with the average man of a century ago is the best indication of the popular growth of science, as exhibited in medicine, surgery, sanitation, invention and economics. From a little over thirty to forty years is a remarkable increase and an eloquent assurance of the present betterment in the living conditions of the masses.

An Ohio girl who was married to a man after an acquaintance of three days complains now because he turns out to be a convict and not the naval captain he represented himself to be. While she undoubtedly has cause to mourn, it is hardly right that she should receive all the sympathy. The man, on his part, ran some risk. He was probably led to believe that he was getting a wife who possessed reasoning powers.

We are far behind the leading nations of Europe in the matter of protecting the public from adulterated food products. Germany has the best and most effective laws on this subject. Many of our States have pure food statutes but they are imperfect and laxly enforced. The demand for a thorough and comprehensive Federal statute on this subject is justly strong and should be speedily complied with thinks the Atlanta Journal.

Gradually we are acquiring knowledge that the ancients acquired, but which has long been lost through the thievery of time. In New York recently demonstrations were made of the powerful effect of colored rays of light in the treatment of tuberculosis. A California physician has gone farther, and is actually employing colored light rays in the treatment of certain nervous disorders. This interesting use of light was well understood in ages past, it is said, and perhaps in some dim storehouse of antiquity the science may yet be revealed in its perfection.

Who owns a man's life—the individual or the community? An eminent alienist announces that the right thing, the expedient to do with the incurable insane is to kill them painlessly, or with as little suffering as possible. The community owns the life of a murderer and uses it for an example to deter others. It is generally conceded that a man's country owns his life if it is needed for national defense. What a curious field of speculation is opened here? There is obviously no absolute law that governs every case. They all depend on the circumstances—that is expediency. Such is the basis of our system of law.

There is no doubt that too great mental strain is dangerous. The woman living on the prairies goes insane from constant monotonous gazing at the even horizon. Monotony takes the form of effort and ends in insanity. Many great brain workers have died insane—too little variety, too great concentration. If you use your brain a great deal, get variety in some way. Force yourself to a change. Change of thought, change of diet, change of air, change of exercise—all those things are needed by man. For nature's aim is to make of man a many-sided creature and to increase his productiveness by adding to his wants.

Much has been said in condemnation of the ugly advertising signs which deface the landscape wherever one turns, but little has been done to restrict the evil. It may, indeed, seem a trivial matter, in comparison with the reckless destruction of great forests and the demolition of such wonderful natural beauties as the Palisades. It is obviously of vastly greater importance to save the scenery than to protect it from petty disfigurements, but there is no reason why both movements should not go forward hand in hand. In the countries where civilization is older one would naturally look for a precedent in this matter, and in France they seem to have settled it in an ingenious way by adopting the policy of taxing the farmer who allows disfiguring signs on his property a price which is not covered by that paid by the advertiser.

LONG TIME A-WAITING.

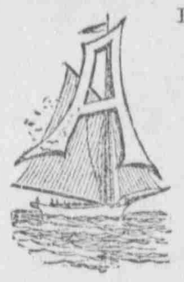
It's a long time a-waiting
For the ship from o'er the blue;
But it's sailing and a-sailing
And in time will come to you;
  Unless, perchance, fierce storms arise,
  And cruel winds from angry skies
  Should drive to where death hidden lies,
The ship that sails for you.

It's a long time a-waiting
For reward that's overdue;
The recognition for your toil
The tardy world owes you;
  But it will come, however late,
  Unless, perchance, Death opes the gate
  And leads you out while yet you wait
The wage the world owes you.

It's a long time a-waiting
For the joy that should be yours;
But joy and recompense will come
To that soul who endures;
  And over all the storms that rise—
  Above the clouds—are sunny skies,
  And Heaven holds a glad surprise
For that soul who endures.

Steer N. W.

A Mystery Yarn.



BOUT two years ago I left the service. I was tired of it, and, as I wanted some more exciting employment, I joined a whaler. We were unlucky—somehow I bring no luck anywhere—and we were nearly empty.

One bright afternoon, just after eight bells, I made up the log and took it to the captain's cabin. I knocked at the door, and as nobody answered I walked in. I thought it odd the captain hadn't answered me, for there he was sitting at his desk, with his back to me, writing. Seeing he was employed I told him I had brought the log, laid it down on the table behind him, and, as he made no answer, I walked out. I went on deck and the first person I met was the captain. I was puzzled—I could not make out how he had got there before me.

"How did you get up here?" I said. "I just left you writing in your cabin."

"I have not been in my cabin for the last half hour," the captain answered; but I thought he was chaffing, and didn't like it.

"There was someone writing at your desk just now," I said; "if it wasn't you, you had better go and see who it is. The log is made up. I have left it in your cabin, sir," and with that I walked sulkily away. I had no idea of being chaffed by the captain, to whom I had taken a dislike.

"Mr. Brown," said the captain, who saw I was nettled, "you must have been mistaken, my desk is locked. But come—we'll go down and see about it."

I followed the captain into the cabin. The log was on the table, the desk was closed, and the cabin was empty.

"You see, Mr. Brown," he said, laughing, "you must have been mistaken, the desk is locked."

I was positive. "Someone may have picked the lock," I said.

"But they couldn't have closed it again," the captain suggested; "but to satisfy you, I will open it and see if the contents are safe, though there is not much here to tempt a thief."

He opened the desk, and there—stretched right across it—was a sheet of paper with the words "Steer N. W." written in an odd, cramped hand.

"You are right, Mr. Brown; somebody has been here. This is some hoax."

Not to appear to suspect anyone in particular, the captain determined to have up all the crew. We had them up, one by one. We examined them and made all those who could write write "Steer N. W.," but we gained no clew. One thing was very clear—it could not have been old Shiel, who was proved to have been forward at the time I was in the captain's cabin. The mystery remained unsolved.

That evening I sat with the captain in his cabin. We were neither of us inclined to be talkative. I tried to think of home, and the pleasure it would be to see the old folks again, but still my thoughts always wandered back to that mysterious writing. I tried to read, but I caught myself furtively peeping at the desk, expecting to see the figure sitting there.

The captain had not spoken for some time, and was sitting with his face buried in his hands. At last he suddenly looked up and said:

"Suppose we alter her course to northward, Mr. Brown?"

I don't know what it was; I cannot hope to make you understand the feeling in my mind that followed those words; it was a sense of relief from a horrible nightmare. I was ashamed of the childish pleasure I felt, but I could not help answering eagerly, "Certainly; shall I give the order?"

I waited no longer, but hurried on deck and altered the course of the vessel.

It was a clear, frosty night, and as I looked at the compass before going below I felt strangely pleased, and caught myself chuckling and rubbing my hands; at what, I cannot say—I didn't know then, but a great weight had been taken off my mind.

I went down to the cabin, and found the captain pacing up and down the small space. He stopped as I came in, and looking up said, abruptly:

"It can do no harm, Mr. Brown."

"If this breeze continues," I answered, "we can hold on for thirty hours or so, but then, I should think ——"

"But then—we shall find ice. How's the wind?"

"Steady, north by east."

I had the morning watch to keep next day. I was too restless to sleep after it, so I kept on deck the whole of the day. Even that did not satisfy me. I was continually running up into the tops with my glass, but every time I came down disappointed. The captain was as unquiet as myself. Something we expected to happen, but of what it was to be we could form no idea. The second officer, I believe, thought us both crazy; indeed, I often wondered myself at the state I was in. Evening came, and nothing had turned up.

Morning came, and with the first gray light I was on deck. It was bitterly cold. There was a mist low down on the horizon; I waited impatiently for it to lift. It lifted soon, and I could not be mistaken—beyond it I could see the shimmer of ice. I sent down to tell the captain, who came on deck directly.

"It is no use, Mr. Brown," he said; "you must put her about."

"Wait one moment, the mist is lifting more, it will be quite clear directly."

The mist was, indeed, lifting rapidly. Far to the north and west we could see the ice stretching away in one unbroken field. I was trying to see whether there appeared any break in the ice toward the west, when the captain, seizing my arm with one hand, and pointing straight ahead with the other, exclaimed:

"Good heavens! there is a ship there."

The mist had risen like a curtain, and there, sure enough, about three miles ahead, was a ship seemingly firmly packed in the ice. We stood looking at it in silence. There was some meaning after all in that mysterious warning, was the first thought that suggested itself to me.

"She's nipped bad, sir," said old Shiel, who, with the rest of the crew, was anxiously watching our new discovery. I was trying to make her out with the glass, when the flash of a gun, quickly followed by the report, proved that she had seen us. Up went the flag, union downward. We needed no signal to know her distress. The captain ordered the second officer off into the boat. I watched him as he made his way over the ice with a few of the men toward the ship. They soon returned with eight of the ship's crew. It was a dismal account they gave of their situation. They might have sawed their way out of the ice, but the ship was so injured that she could not have floated an hour. The largest of their boats had been stove in, the others were hardly seaworthy. They were, preparing, however, to take to them as a last resource when our welcome arrival put an end to their fears. Another detachment was soon brought off, and the captain with the remainder of his crew was to follow immediately.

I went down to my cabin and tried to think over the singular fate which had made us the preservers of this ship's crew. I could not divest myself of the idea that some supernatural agency was connected with that paper in the desk, and I trembled at the thought of what might have been the consequence if we had neglected the warning. The boat coming alongside interrupted my reverie. In a few seconds I was on deck.

I found the captain talking to a fine, old, sailor-like looking man, whom he introduced to me as Captain Squires. Captain Squires shook hands with me, and we remained talking some time. I could not keep my eyes off his face; I had a conviction that I had seen him somewhere, where I could not tell. Every now and then I seemed to catch at some clue, which vanished as soon as touched. At last he turned round to speak to some of his men. I could not be mistaken—there was the long white hair, the brown coat. He was the man I had seen writing in the captain's cabin.

That evening the captain and I told the story of the paper to Captain Squires, who gravely and in silence listened to our conjectures. He was too thankful for his escape out of such imminent peril to question the means by which it had been brought about. At the captain's request he wrote "Steer N. W." We compared it with the original writing. There could be no doubt of it. It was the same old cramped hand.

Can anyone solve the mystery?

Power in Our Powder.

"Velocity and pressure," explained the powder mill superintendent, "are the two main requisites in proving powder. The Government is very specific in its contracts. It demands that when fired under service conditions in the gun for which it is intended powder must give to the projectile a muzzle velocity of at least a certain number of feet per second without producing a pressure of more than a certain number of tons to the square inch. For modern guns the velocity required varies from 2000 to 2800 feet per second, and the pressure is not allowed to exceed fifteen tons to the square inch. In some of our guns of the present day the amount of energy stored up in the powder charge is so tremendous as to be almost incredible. The limit of energy upon the projectile cannot be estimated, so vast are the possibilities.

"For example, I may cite the Oregon's 13-inch rifles. Five hundred and fifty pounds of powder in these guns impart to an 100-pound shot a velocity of 2100 feet per second, and the energy of the projectile is nearly 34,000 foot tons. This power is sufficient to lift such a vessel as the Oregon eight feet out of the water.

"These screens between the cannon and the breastworks are electric chronographs 100 feet apart from each other and the cannon, and they register the time of the projectile's flight with absolute accuracy."

"And absolute accuracy is—what?"

"The millionth part of a second."—San Francisco Call.

Montana clipped 29,000,000 pounds of wool last year.

WHY YOUNG MEN FAIL.

ONE MAIN CAUSE GIVEN BY SUCCESSFUL NEW YORKERS.

Demand For Youths Who Display a Certain Characteristic—Difficulty of Finding the Right Sort to Fill Places—An Experience in Journalism.

WHY is it that so many young men have difficulty in getting along these days?" is a question which has recently been put to a number of professional and business men by a New York Evening Post reporter. For the most part, the persons talked with (men of position in professions and business) had little hesitation in answering. They answered in a way hardly complimentary to the young men concerned. One after another of them accounted for the majority of present failures by a single word—laziness. Though the importance of intelligence and education as essential factors in a successful career was not overlooked, the general opinion appeared to be that the one indispensable quality was industry, willingness and ability to work. And this, according to the statement of several of the leading business men of New York, is the quality that is most lacking in young men to-day.

The first person interviewed was a successful lawyer in large practice. "Young men complain that there isn't any chance to get ahead in law nowadays," suggested the reporter, and the reply came quickly:

"That all depends upon the young men. I used to be a young man myself, and I have been watching young men ever since that time. I have made up my mind to one thing; that is, that the chief trouble with a great many young men is that they are afraid of work. This is true of every occupation, and I have seen illustrations of it many times in my own profession. Here is a case in point: You noticed that I was interrupted just now by a young man, who came in and asked me a question, and you perhaps observed that I said 'No' rather impatiently. The reason was that the question was too silly for any man to ask who had ever got a place in a law office. In point of fact, that young man has had the best advantages. He went for three or four years to one of the finest fitting schools in the country, then he had four years in one of the largest colleges, and afterwards three years in what I consider the best law school. Yet I sometimes think that he does not know any more law now, after he has been some time in this office, than he did when he left home for the preparatory school.

"And the chief reason is because he never was willing to work hard, and there is not the slightest reason to suppose he will begin at this late day. Of course, there are other reasons why young men do not succeed as lawyers than laziness. For example, I know of a man whose legal learning is extraordinary, and who obtained a good place in a leading law firm, but after he had been there a dozen years his employers said that he was not worth $2500 a year. The trouble in this case was because he could not utilize his great learning, and he could never get on with clients. But, after making due allowance for all exceptional cases, I am convinced that laziness is the chief obstacle to success in the legal profession, as in every other walk of life."

"What do I think is the reason why young men don't get ahead faster in the railroad business?" It is the President of an important railroad, which has its offices in this city, who speaks now. "My opinion is that the great trouble with most of these young fellows is that they are not willing to work as hard as they must if they are ever going to amount to anything. Let me tell you my own experience and observations. It is, let me see, fifteen years since I left college, and decided to go into railroading. The first chance I got was a job at $40 a month in the office of a railroad out in the Rocky Mountain region. There were a number of other young men in the office. I soon observed that the rest of them seemed to be chiefly interested in seeing how little work they could do in return for their pay, and how early they could get away from the office, in order to have more time for cards, billiards, the theatre and other amusements. I was interested in my work, and after I had done my day's duty in the office I would go to my room and devote the evening to reading railroad publications and studying all the books bearing on railroads that I could find. Of course, my superiors soon noticed the difference between me and the rest of the fellows. It was not long before a hard job of work was to be done, not at all in my regular line. I was given a chance to try my hand, and I did the work so well that I was soon promoted. It was not long after that when I found a better chance in another railroad office, and each change I made afterwards was in advance, until I was offered my present position. All this time I have been working as hard as I could, and it is because I have worked hard that I have got on. The lazy fellows whom I first struck in that office out West have either gone to the dogs, or are pegging along with no better pay now than they used to get fifteen years ago."

A newspaper man, who has had thirty years of experience, and who for a long time was managing editor of an important newspaper, was asked for his views. "I attribute my own success," he said, "chiefly to the fact that I have always worked as hard as I could without running the risk of injuring my health—and that exception has not always held. On the other hand, I can recall a great many cases of men who have never got ahead for no other reason than because they were lazy. It would astonish you to learn how little energy a great many young fellows show. When I was managing editor, I discovered that the city reporters on the newspapers did not take the trouble to read all of the local matter which it contained every day, and many of them were often ignorant of the editorial attitude of the paper regarding local matters. The consequence was that, when a man was given an assignment, it might turn out that he knew nothing about what the paper had printed regarding the matter beforehand, or what the editorial policy of the paper about this subject was. It is very hard work to induce reporters to get to the office promptly. Unless they are hauled up sharply every little while, many of them put the paper to inconvenience by being late. I have actually known of cases where young men in vigorous health, who were anxious to secure regular positions on the city staff of an evening paper, were so lazy that they would not get around until nearly noon to see if there was a chance for them to do any work. My opinion is that most folks are lazy, and I certainly know that laziness is the only reason why many young men in the newspaper business whom I have known did not succeed better."

One of the leading life insurance company Presidents, whose opinion was requested, held the view that: "While there are pathetic exceptions, I think it can be regarded as a rule that men who fail in life fail principally because of indolence. Genius without industry, I find, accomplishes very little in this world; while industry without genius accomplishes a great deal. Some man—Emerson, wasn't it?—has defined genius as the infinite capacity for taking pains; and it is this infinite capacity that, in the long run, proves successful.

"It is true that there are some corporations that are guilty of nepotism and favoritism; that promote rather the sons and the nephews and the cousins than the men who have demonstrated their fitness for advancement, but these corporations always have to pay dearly for it. I think that all business men now recognize the principle that the most expensive habit they can acquire is to disregard merit."

A bank president who, in his earlier years, was a newspaper reporter, talked in a similar strain. "The great mistake that young men make," he said, "is in keeping too close watch on the time of day. They begin to put on their overcoats ten or fifteen minutes before the pointer reaches the hour when they are free to leave the office. The majority, therefore, never worry about anything except the particular work they are required to do.

"They pay little attention to the men just ahead of them, and make no attempt to familiarize themselves with their work. The result is that when a vacancy occurs I have no one in my office who can fill it. There are many opportunities for promising young men during the year, but I usually have to go outside to get the proper persons for them. It is not because the average clerk is not capable. It is because he is lazy. He is fearful of giving more time to his employer than the regulations require. Legally this custom may be all right; but it is the most fatal error the young men can fall into."

Increase of Population.

Some interesting statistics in regard to the increase of population have just been compiled by Sir Robert Giffon, a distinguished English expert on this subject. He shows that England now has possessions on all five continents, and that a quarter of the population of the entire earth is subject to her suzerainty. The extent of territory owned by England amounts to 13,000,000 square miles, and on this immense tract is a population of 420,000,000. During the last twenty-seven years the English realm has increased 2,854,000 square miles, and within the same period 125,000,000 have been added to the population.

Since 1871 the population of the United Kingdom—England, Scotland and Ireland—has increased from 32,000,000 to 40,000,000. At the beginning of this century England, Scotland and Ireland had a population of 11,000,000, and France of 26,000,000, yet to-day the proportion of population in both countries is almost alike. Russia has increased her population by 60,000,000 since 1870, the result being that she has now a total population of 130,000,000. Germany had a population of 20,000,000 at the beginning of this century; now she has between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000, of whom almost a quarter is the result of the increase of births over deaths. Germany, too, is making vast strides as a colonial power, and her population in those distant possessions already amounts to a considerable number.

What's In a Name.

There is more truth than poetry in the following: Call a girl a chick and she smiles; call a woman a hen and she howls. Call a young woman a witch and she is pleased; call an old woman a witch and she is indignant. Call a girl a kitten and she rather likes it; call a woman a cat and she hates you. Women are queer. If you call a man a gay dog, it will flatter him; call him a pup, a hound or a cur, and he will try to alter the map of your face. He don't mind being called a bull or a bear, yet he will object to being mentioned as a calf or a cub. Men are queer, too.—St. Paul Globe.